

FRENCH SMASH ALL GERMAN ATTACKS AT VERDUN

# The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

LONDONERS SEE SERBIAN SOLDIERS OF WHOSE GLORIOUS BRAVERY THEY HAVE HEARD AND READ SO MUCH.



The photograph shows the men marching down the Strand, where a large crowd watched them with deep interest. On the previous day about forty of our Allies visited the House of

Commons, when Mr. Lynch made an eloquent little speech assuring them of Britain's resolve to restore Serbia to her own.

## HEROIC AIRMAN.

N 18818



Second-Lieutenant F. N. Hudson, of the Royal Flying Corps, who, though severely wounded in the head, completed several daring reconnaissances. He has been awarded the Military Cross.

## THE LITTLE TSAREVITCH VISITS THE FRONT.

N 150.



The Tsar and his young son, who wears military uniform, at a review of a famous Cossack regiment. These splendid soldiers were delighted to see their future ruler in their midst. The Tsarevitch now enjoys the best of health, and is much interested in the army.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

## 'STRAFED' RAIDER

N 18818



Sergeant Alfred Emery, who shot down a German raider while flying to France on a new machine. When hit, the enemy machine, which fell into the sea, was 500ft. up, while the British was 1,500ft.



## ARMY 'PRAYING' FOR HELD-UP GUNS.

Mr. Lloyd George's Disclosures  
About Trouble on Clyde.

### THE STRIKE WEAKENING.

"A big gun which the Army wants has been held up and pursued through all its stages," declared Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons last night when dealing with the strikes on the Clyde.

On Mr. Hogge interjecting "It is not true," the Minister of Munitions replied, "They are holding up the most important guns for the British Army."

"The Army is begging and praying to see the particular guns that are turned out of these works," cried Mr. Lloyd George.

"I told the men that in private. I told them in private more than I have told them in public."

"They know it! They know how urgent these particular guns are! They know that the Army in France has asked for them!"

"They know it! They pursued this particular gun through every component part."

Earlier Mr. Lloyd George had been asked what attempts were being made to bring about a settlement. His reply was—

"Every possible attempt has been made, not merely for days, but for weeks and months."

"But I must say that every bargain has been made has been broken, not by the leaders of the men, but by those men whose objects I do not at the present time wish to go into."

### DRAMA OF AN INTERVIEW.

At question time Mr. Pringle asked whether it was a fact that certain negotiations started on Tuesday night were broken off by the Minister of Munitions at a time when the prospects of a settlement were very hopeful.

Mr. Lloyd George: There is not a word or a syllable of truth in that statement.

Mr. Pringle: I was a party to the negotiations. In a later debate Dr. Addison revealed what these negotiations were.

On Tuesday evening, he said, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald came to him and said there were two members of the Clyde workers' committee in the House. Shortly afterwards they came to his room. Mr. Pringle was with them, but not at his request.

Mr. Pringle: At the request of the men.  
Dr. Addison: Surely, it is for me to invite people to my room.

### "THE UNINVITED GUEST."

Continuing, Dr. Addison said these men proposed that they would go back to the Clyde and use their good offices to get the men back to work if the Government would allow the deported men to come back to Glasgow.

These proposals were unacceptable. The House could form its own opinion of the use Mr. Pringle had made of his privilege as an uninvited guest in the interest of men who were forcing their own personal position with a treacherous disregard to the national interests.—(Loud cries.)

Mr. Lloyd George told the men who came to see Dr. Addison belonged to a body who were not only seditiously-minded towards the Government but to trade unionism on the Clyde.

"Call those promising negotiations," declared Mr. Lloyd George, "such a suggestion was grossly misleading."

### STRIKERS GOING BACK.

Last night it was stated that an unexpected development had taken place, and there were signs of the situation being satisfactorily cleared.

It was ascertained from an authoritative source, says the Central News, that the majority of the men on strike at one of the big gun-making establishments had returned to work.

At the request of the Government, Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., will go to the Clyde, accompanied by administrative officials of the Ministry of Munitions, to consult members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and endeavour to bring about a complete settlement of the strike.

Three more munition workers in Glasgow have been arrested at the instance of the Ministry of Munitions and have been transferred to the East Coast.

The Glasgow police (telegraphs the Central News correspondent) have arrested two local Socialist speakers—James Maxton, school teacher, chairman of the Independent Labour Party in Scotland, and James Dunlop Macdonald—on charges of inciting munition workers to strike. Bail has been refused.

### TOYS AND A \$300,000 WILL.

Toys, including a Jack-in-the-box, a bunny and a mechanical Punch, were produced in the Probate Court yesterday when the hearing was resumed of the action concerning the disputed estate, worth nearly \$300,000, of the late Mr. John Jessop, of Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, who died aged ninety-two.

Sir Edward Carson produced some picture-books which were found in the house.

"He never played with those unless we drew his attention to them," said Miss Jane Birnie, a nurse, who attended the invalid before he died.

Sir Edward (reading from one of the books): Little Tommy Timkins ran all down the lane. Never let his hoop fall and then ran back again.

The hearing was adjourned.

## "GREAT ACT OF VALOUR" OF CAPTAIN.

V.C. for Missing Officer—Five Other Splendid British  
Heroes Receive Coveted Cross.

Glorious deeds of bravery are recorded in two supplements to the *London Gazette* last night.

In one is recorded the magnificent exploits of six warriors who have won the Victoria Cross, and the other 300 vivid stories of officers and men whose pluck and bravery have won for them reward and renown.

Of these 300 awards twelve are Distinguished Service Orders, seventy are Military Crosses and the rest Distinguished Conduct Medals.

The heroes who have won the V.C. are as follows:—

**Captain Arthur Forbes Gordon Kilby**, late 2nd Battalion, The South Staffordshire Regiment.

"For the most conspicuous bravery," Captain Kilby was specially selected, at his own request, and on account of the gallantry which he had previously displayed on many occasions, to attack with his company a strong enemy redoubt.

"The company charged along the narrow towpath, headed by Captain Kilby, who, though wounded at the outset, continued to lead his men right up to the enemy wire under a devastating machine-gun fire and a shower of bombs."

"Here he was shot down, but, although his foot had been blown off, he continued to cheer on his men and to use a rifle."

"Captain Kilby has been missing since the date of the performance of this great act of valour, and his death his now to be presumed."

There is also the story of Temporary Lieutenant **Eric Archibald McNair**, 9th (Service) Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment, who has won the V.C. "for most conspicuous bravery."

"When the enemy exploded a mine, Lieutenant McNair and two men of two platoons were hoisted into the air, and many men were buried."

"But, though much shaken, he at once organised a party with a machine-gun to man the near edge of the crater and opened rapid fire on a large party of the enemy, who were advancing. The enemy were driven back, leaving many dead."

Lieutenant McNair then ran back for reinforcements, and sent to another unit for bombs, ammunition and tools to replace those buried.

The communication trench being blocked, he went across the open under heavy fire and led up the reinforcements the same way. His prompt and plucky action and example undoubtedly saved the situation."

**Sergeant Arthur Frederick Saunders**, 9th (Service) Battalion, The Suffolk Regiment, has also been awarded the V.C. for most conspicuous bravery.

"When his officer had been wounded in the attack he took charge of two machine guns and a few men, and, although severely wounded in the thigh, closely followed the last four charges of another battalion, and rendered every possible support."

"Later, when the remains of the battalion which he had been supporting had been forced to retire, he stuck to one of his guns, continued to give clear orders, and by continuous firing did his best to cover the retirement."

"HAD A CHEERY WORD."

Because he showed "most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty," No. 607 Lance-Corporal (now Corporal) **William Richard Cotter**, 6th Battalion, East Kent Regiment, has been awarded the coveted Cross.

"When his right leg had been blown off at the knee, and he had also been wounded in both arms, he made his way unaided for fifty yards to a crater, steadied the men who were holding it, controlled their fire, issued orders, and altered the dispositions of his men to meet a fresh counter-attack by the enemy."

"For two hours he held his position, and only allowed his wounds to be roughly dressed when the attack had quieted down."

"He could not be moved back for fourteen hours, and during all that time he had a cheery word for all who passed him. There is no doubt that his magnificent courage helped greatly to save a critical situation."

No. 8655 Private **Henry Kenny**, 1st Battalion, Loyal North Lancashire Regiment.

"For most conspicuous bravery," Private Kenny went out on six different occasions on one day under a very heavy shell, rifle and machine-gun fire, and each time succeeded in carrying to a place of safety a wounded man who had been lying in the open.

"He was himself wounded in the neck whilst handing the last man over the parapet."

"Another hero who showed 'most conspicuous bravery' is—

No. 5938 Private **William Young**, 8th (Service) Battalion, East Lancashire Regiment.

"In being charged for a sergeant, he been wounded he left his trench to attend to him

under very heavy fire. The wounded non-commissioned officer requested Private Young to get under cover, but he refused, and was almost immediately very seriously wounded by having both jaws shattered."

"Notwithstanding his terrible injuries, Private Young continued endeavouring to effect these upon which he had set his mind, and eventually succeeded with the aid of another soldier."

"He then went unaided to the dressing station, where it was discovered that he had also been wounded by a rifle bullet in the chest."

"The great fortitude, determination, courage, and devotion to duty displayed by this soldier could hardly be surpassed."

### SPLENDID FLYING OFFICERS.

Second Lieutenant **Charles David Danby**, Royal Engineers (Territorial Force) and Royal Flying Corps, receives the Military Cross for excellent work, under bad weather conditions, when taking photographs both before and during operations. A similar decoration has been awarded Lieutenant (Temporary Major) **Reginald Percy Mills**, the Royal Flyers (City of London Regiment) and Royal Flying Corps, for conspicuous ability when co-operating with the artillery in operations resulting in the capture of the enemy's position.

The Military Cross goes to Second Lieutenant **Frank Neville Hudson**, 5th Buffs, Kent Regiment, and Royal Flying Corps. This young officer is only eighteen years of age, but has many times driven off enemy machines and twice forced them to the ground.

Of Lance-Corporal **S. Neal**, 8th Battalion, South Staffordshire Regiment, who has won the Distinguished Conduct Medal for "conspicuous gallantry," it is recorded that "though only nineteen years of age this young N.C.O. has set a splendid example to his men. He threw bombs during two nights after being wounded."

### "O, DRY THOSE TEARS."

Judge's Reproof to Weeping Defendant in Breach of Promise Suit.

"Stand up! Don't be childish!"

Mr. Justice Avey spoke thus yesterday when Mr. George Dresden, a diamond merchant, who is being sued for alleged breach of promise, burst into tears and bowed his head in the witness-box. He had just asserted that an attempt had been made to ruin him by blackmail.

Telling how he met the plaintiff, Miss Doris Burton, an actress, he said he told her and her companion that he was a married man, and they replied, "We like married men best."

She took him to the only room she occupied (a bedroom), he went on, and told him one or two stories, which he could not repeat at this time. (Laughter.)

Counsel: Don't worry over the stories. We may have heard them. (Laughter.)

Witness also said he showed her a photograph of his wife. He used to call Miss Burton "Gillie" and she called him "George."

Counsel: George, eh!

Witness said he admired her cleverness for seeing how he had such a wife.

Counsel: It is not everybody that can conquer George, is it? (Laughter.)

Cross-examined by Mr. Vachell, Mr. Dresden said he claimed the presents he had given Miss Burton.

"So," said Mr. Vachell, "she will have nothing to remind her of the sweet memories of those few days."

The witness did not agree with Mr. Vachell's suggestion that Miss Burton was "unable to resist the fascination of his fatal beauty."

The hearing was adjourned.

PROXY MARRIAGES FOR SOLDIERS?

A young woman told the Lambeth magistrate yesterday that a soldier at the front was anxious to marry her, but he could not obtain leave. She asked for advice.

A police-officer explained that the soldier had written telling her that she could get married by proxy.

Applicant: You have to get a substitute, I think, sir.

Sergeant Methven: I understand that they are doing that in France.

Francis: I have not heard of it. I am afraid you will have to wait until he comes back.

BE EXAMINED BEFORE BEING CALLED

Any man who is obviously unfit should be rejected by the recruiting officer at the primary medical examination, said Mr. Tennant in parliamentary papers yesterday.

He can attend for examination by the Army Medical Board after consultation with the recruiting officer.

If only fit for garrison service at home or for sedentary work, they would know definitely whether they would or likely to be called up without at least two months' notice.

## TWO 'FIRST NIGHTS' IN LONDON.

Picturesque Claude Duval  
Again Takes the Road.

### "MR. MANHATTAN" HERE!

There were two "first nights" for playgoers in London last night. "Mr. Manhattan" was presented at the Prince of Wales' Theatre and "Stand and Deliver" at His Majesty's Theatre.

London will take "Mr. Manhattan" to its heart.

Mr. Manhattan, of course, is Mr. Raymond Hitchcock, the famous American comedian, and his greatest attribute is to be found in the fact that he possesses an absolutely fresh and original personality.

A handsome, pale-faced, yellow-haired young man, with baby blue eyes, quietly deferential manners and a certain suggestion of subdued cynicism, Mr. Manhattan is a man to meet.

Of the wonderful adventures in Mr. Manhattan's flat at Triville it is needless to speak.

The adventures are comic, and the women who figure in them are as beautiful as their dresses are gorgeous.

But all through the play it is the personality of Mr. Raymond Hitchcock which counts.

### DASHING CLAUDE DUVAL.

Still, everybody will like the music and the dances and the girls—especially Miss Iris Hoy in a really good part.

Pretty costumes, the spirit of adventure, plenty of fighting and a happy ending—these were the chief elements in "Stand and Deliver," a romantic play by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, produced at His Majesty's Theatre.

Claude Duval was the hero of the performance, but that picturesque ruffian had suffered some amazing transformations in the hands of his new interpreter.

As depicted by Mr. McCarthy, he is quite a likeable fellow, and poetic justice seemed to demand that he should escape the gibbet and marry the lady of his choice.

The lady of his choice, by the way, was most admirably sung by Miss Kyrle Bellier. Mr. Arthur Bourchier produced an admirable study of Claude Duval, and excellent work was done by Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw, Mr. Charles Rock and Miss Miriam Lewes.

### THE QUEEN'S SMILE.

Happy Greeting by 500 Children at a Military Hospital.

The King and Queen had an unexpected pleasure when in hospital visiting yesterday they went to Isleworth.

The visit to the Auxiliary Military Hospital was private, but there were school children immediately opposite, and the news had leaked out.

As a result about 500 boys and girls lined the roadway, and sang the National Anthem as their Majesties passed in. The King and Queen were evidently as surprised as they were pleased.

The youngsters went back to their lessons, but were marshalled again as the end of the visit drew near, and when they left for Buckingham Palace the scholars cheered with great enthusiasm.

On this occasion their Majesties specially directed that the royal motor-car should be driven very slowly. One little girl was unable to keep up with her companions, but, seated in a wheel-chair on the pathway was endeavouring with pathetic eagerness to get a peep between the ranks.

A teacher noticed in the nick of time. She was wheeled out into the centre of the roadway and had the satisfaction of being quite close to the King and Queen as the car turned for home.

Her Majesty noticed the afflicted little one and bestowed upon her a most gracious smile.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR KUT?

Lord Berosford, in the House of Lords last night, asked the Government whether the General Officer commanding the British forces now besieged at Kut-el-Amara had recommended, or was responsible for, the decision to advance on Ctesiphon.

The noble Lord complained that no dispatches had been published as to the operations in Mesopotamia for over a year.

Lord Islington, in reply, said that the responsibility for the advance on Ctesiphon did not rest with General Townshend in any way.

The advance was authorised by His Majesty's Government, on the advice of the General Officer commanding in Mesopotamia (Sir John Nixon) and the Government of India.

### CHANCE FOR BEARDS.

Will beards become fashionable? They may. The London Hairdressers' Guild have announced that they will have the cost of hair-cutting will be sixpence, and of shaving threepence.

"A rise in prices was inevitable," explained Mr. Woodhams, the Master of the City Guild of Barbers, to *The Daily Mirror*. "A shave takes on an average 10 minutes. The customer is provided with a clean towel and hot water."

"When you take into consideration the rents and rates of a shop in the City and the rise in price charged for laundry work, must admit that the proprietors' profits are not considerable."



# GERMANS FAIL TO SHAKE FRENCH GRIP ON THEIR AVOCOURT GAINS

Our Ally Causes "Great Havoc in Foe Ranks."

## MINES IN THE MEUSE

French Airmen Drop Bombs on Enemy Railway Stations.

## OUR PRINCE IN DESERT.

The French hold their newly-won positions in the Avocourt Wood (eleven miles west-north-west of Verdun) in a strong grip.

### ENEMY'S SEVERE LOSSES.

Paris reported yesterday that all the German assaults at this spot were repulsed by the French curtain fire, machine gun fire and by their infantry, which "caused great havoc in the ranks of the enemy, especially in front of the Avocourt Redoubt, where the Germans left heaps of corpses."

In the Meuse, north of St. Mihiel, the Germans placed a large number of floating mines, which, however, did no damage.

Our Ally's airmen dropped bombs on the German railway stations of Metz-Sablons, Pagny-sur-Moselle and Maizières-les-Metz.

The Germans say the French made repeated attacks, but declare that all these onsets were repulsed.

### THE PRINCE IN EGYPT.

The Prince of Wales has received a most enthusiastic reception from our forces in Egypt. He has several times ridden across long stretches of the Eastern Desert under a scorching sun, and visited various points of the front.

### THREE MORE FIGHTING SHIPS.

Russia's fleet has received a very useful addition to its strength. Reuter's Agency has obtained confirmation of a report that the Japanese Government had given back to Russia two battleships, each of 11,000 tons, and an armed cruiser of 13,500 tons. They were taken by Japan during the Russo-Japanese war.

## HEAPS OF GERMAN DEAD AFTER VAIN ATTACK.

Foe Driven Back After Entering Advanced French Line.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Thursday.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

South of the Somme, after a violent bombardment, the enemy penetrated into an advanced portion of our line west of Verdun, north of Chaunoy.

He was immediately afterwards driven back West of the Meuse the Germans made several counter-attacks during the night on our positions in the Avocourt Wood.

All their assaults were repulsed by our curtain fire, our machine gun fire and our infantry, which caused great havoc in the ranks of the enemy, especially in front of the Redoubt d'Avocourt, where the Germans left heaps of corpses.

No fresh attempt was made by the enemy in the Malancourt region.

East of the Meuse and in the Woëvre there was an intermittent bombardment.

The Germans placed in the Meuse, north of St. Mihiel, a large number of floating mines, which, however, did no damage.

In Lorraine our artillery was active between Domcourt and Breuille.—Reuter.

## FIERCE FOE CHARGES.

"Our infantrymen advanced, overwhelming everything in their path, rushed down the last slopes of Hill 304 and penetrated the wood as far as the Avocourt-Malancourt road."

So says the *Petit Parisien*, quoted by the Central News, in a vivid account of the recapture by the French of a section of Avocourt Wood and a redoubt. The account adds:—

"The fighting at this point reached its maximum intensity. Several times the Prussians and Bavarians charged, but their assaults were broken by the French infantry, who, aided by their artillery, maintained all the ground and took in addition the Hucourt (Avocourt) redoubt."

## 'REPEATED ATTACKS MADE BY THE FRENCH.'

Berlin Says Onslaughts North-West of Avocourt Were Repulsed.

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Thursday.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:—Western Theatre of War.—In the region of the Liboux, two miles west of Chaunoy, a small German detachment made a raid upon the enemy's position, and on its return brought back one captain and fifty-seven men as prisoners.

West of the Meuse repeated French attacks were made after vigorous artillery preparation with the object of recapturing the position in the wood north-west of Avocourt. These attacks were repulsed.

In the south-eastern corner of the wood very little fighting developed at close quarters. This continued during the night, until the enemy, during the early hours of this morning, was obliged to slacken his efforts.

Artillery activity continues to be most vigorous on both banks of the Meuse.—Wireless Press.

## BOMBS DROPPED ON THREE GERMAN STATIONS.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

The following is that part of yesterday's French official communiqué relating to air warfare and transmitted from Paris by Reuter:—

"During yesterday one of our aeroplane squadrons dropped fifteen bombs of large calibre on the railway stations of Metz-Sablons and five on that of Pagny-sur-Moselle."

"Last night two of our aeroplanes bombarded the station of Maizières-les-Metz."

## 'IMMELMANN'S TWELFTH.'

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

The following is that part of yesterday's German official communiqué relating to air warfare, and transmitted by the Wireless Press:—

"In an aerial fight which took place east of Bapaume Lieutenant Immelmann put his twelfth enemy aeroplane out of action, this being an English biplane. Its occupants are prisoners in our hands."

The bombs dropped on Metz by the enemy caused the death of one soldier. Others were injured.

## THREE WARSHIPS ADDED TO THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

Japan Gives Back Big Vessels Taken at Port Arthur.

Reuter's Agency has received confirmation of the statement made in the Far Eastern Press that the Japanese Government has retroceded to Russia three of the warships taken during the Russo-Japanese War.

These are the battleships Sagami (ex-Peresviet) and Tango (ex-Poltava), both of 11,000 tons, and the armed cruiser Soya (ex-Variag), of 13,500 tons, which was sunk at Port Arthur and subsequently salvaged.

## RIOT AT A WAR BURIAL.

ATHENS, Tuesday (delayed).—It is reported from Salonika that tumultuous scenes occurred to-day at the funeral of three Jew victims of German bombardment.

A very large crowd composed of Greek Jews made a demonstration, crying, "Down with German assassins! Down with the barbarians!"

—Exchange.

## PRINCE OF WALES' RIDE ACROSS THE DESERT.

Soldiers Give the King's Son an Enthusiastic Welcome.

### (From Our Correspondent.)

CAIRO, Wednesday (received yesterday).—Since taking up his duties at the Headquarters of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force the Prince of Wales has spent much time in the field with the troops, watching with the greatest interest the work of the British, Australian and New Zealand divisions and visiting all the important points of the canal defences.

The Prince on several occasions has ridden across long stretches of the eastern desert under a scorching sun, along the front line defences, which are being advanced step by step, and seeing the elaborate system of trenches of a character different to those his Royal Highness knew on the western front.

The Prince of Wales' appointment to this force created intense interest, especially among the Dominion soldiers.

### LINED THE ROUTE.

His Royal Highness was present on Saturday at an inspection of the Australian Infantry Brigade and artillery by Sir Archibald Murray.

There was a great scene of enthusiasm at the conclusion of the parade, when the men, permitted to fall out on the parade ground, rushed to line the route the Prince took to headquarters. Warriors from Gallipoli and reinforcements from Australia which come forward in a never-ending stream made a most enthusiastic demonstration in the Prince's honour.

Another day New Zealanders were drawn up for the Commander-in-Chief's inspection, and the soldiers of that Dominion gave the Prince an equally hearty exhibition of their loyalty.

On Sunday his Royal Highness attended divine service of a brigade of the Australian Division—an impressive ceremony at a desert camp.

W. T. MASSEY.

## SECRET PLANS TO SINK HUN SUBMARINES.

Germans Preparing Attack on Riga at the Breaking of the Ice.

PARIS, Thursday.—M. Ludovic Naudeau, special correspondent of the *Journal* at the Russian front, telegraphing under yesterday's date, says:—

"The ground is becoming more and more difficult on account of the thaw. Nevertheless, heavy fighting continues north-west of Postavi on the west bank of Lake Naroch."

"The forces on both sides endeavour to mislead one another by surprise attacks delivered at different points of the front which have hitherto been quiet."

"Thus fully twelve versts south of Jakobstadt, at the forest village of Vargovnik, the Germans suddenly opened a violent artillery fire and launched an attack."

"At the same time, in the sector west of Riga, the Russian batteries installed on the famous Olaf Plateau, which was recently the scene of sanguinary fighting, attempted to destroy the German trenches situated on the west."

"In view of the present temperature it is agreed in the so-called 'muddy period' will be over in a week."

"The view is held that the critical time will come when the ice breaks up in the Gulf of Riga. It is well known that the Germans are counting upon the movement of the ice to displace the mines."

"The drifting mines, the Germans think, would seriously hamper submarine activity, and it is apparently their intention to collect a formidable squadron to make an attempt to force an entrance to the gulf and attack Riga from the sea."

"The contingency has been foreseen, and effective steps have been taken to meet it."—Reuter.

## CLYDE FOMENT HAS LASTED FOR MONTHS.

Mr. Lloyd George Tells of Prolonged Peace Efforts.

## 'EVERY BARGAIN BROKEN.'

An important statement regarding the Clyde strikes was made in the House of Commons last night by the Minister of Munitions.

Asked what attempts were being made to bring about a settlement, Mr. Lloyd George replied:—

"Every possible attempt has been made, not merely for days, but for weeks and months."

"But I must say that every bargain that has been made has been broken, not by the leaders of the men, but by those men who objects I do not at the present time wish to go into."

### "DEFIED THE LAW."

Mr. Pringle asked whether it was a fact that certain negotiations started on Tuesday night were broken off by the Minister of Munitions at a time when the prospects of a settlement were very hopeful.

Mr. Lloyd George: There is not a word or a syllable of truth in that statement.

Mr. Pringle: I was a party to the negotiations.

"That is not so," replied Mr. Lloyd George.

"There was an attempt made by certain members of the House, but Dr. Addison refused—and I think quite properly—to have anything to do with men who at that moment had absolutely defied the law."

"He suggested to them that the first thing to do was to return to work, and if they had any grievances they would be fully considered in the usual way."

## MINISTER GOES NORTH.

Mr. A. M. Scott asked if it was a fact that the privileges previously enjoyed by the convener of shop stewards had not been withdrawn.

Mr. Lloyd George replied that it was so. His demand was not a demand for a continuation of any privileges he had before, but a very considerable extension.

"I want it to be clearly understood that this firm were willing to give every facility to enable him to learn what was being done in the matter of labour dilution."

### THE MEN REFUSED.

"They were willing to refer any disputes to the Clyde Commissioners, but the men refused. It is very difficult to prevent misrepresentation. Mr. Henderson (President of the Board of Education) is proceeding to Glasgow to inform the trade union leaders of the facts of the case."

Mr. Hogge: When does the right hon. gentleman propose to make public the other side of the case. (Cries of "Division!")

Mr. Lloyd George: What other side?

Mr. Hogge: The men's side. (Laughter.)

Mr. Lloyd George: If that is another side why did not this man present it to the Commissioners. (Cheers.)

## WOMEN SHELL WORKERS.

Replying to Lord Henry Bentinck, Dr. Addison stated that the Ministry of Munitions was giving careful attention to the hours being worked by women in munition factories, and had set up a committee which was taking vigorous action to reduce hours which were excessive.

Mr. Lloyd George informed Sir E. Coates that the Liquor Control Board had found it necessary to increase the stringency of the restrictions regarding the distribution of liquor.

Although certain inconvenience might result to the family brewer, the considerations which made further restriction necessary were, in the view of the Board, of paramount importance.

## SHOT AT ENGLISH HAWK, BUT KILLED DUTCH DOVE.

It is interesting and instructive to compare the account of the sinking of the *Palmberg* published by the Dutch Naval Ministry, telegraphed by the Exchange Telegraph Company, with the German version sent by wireless to the German Embassy at Washington.

The German message lays stress on the fact that the torpedo came from the bow of a British destroyer, and the inference desired to be drawn therefrom is obvious, viz., that the torpedo was fired by a British destroyer.

The Dutch naval statement, however, as it came from Holland and not from Berlin, was quite plain.

"There is no doubt that the steamer was torpedoed by a German submarine."

"Crew of *Palmberg* says that three torpedoes passed within short distance of the destroyer's prow; the sailors therefrom suppose the submarine's intention was to destroy the British warship and not the *Palmberg*."

The Dutch sailors charitably acquit the German submarine of deliberate and premeditated piracy, and only consider that she was guilty of three wickedly bad shots with her torpedoes.



General Ewart decorating Russian heroes who helped to capture Erzerum. The General's name is explained by the fact that he is of Scottish origin.



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TOOTALS GUARANTEE IT

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BUY your Tobralco, now and save 1½d. a yard. The War with all its resultant manufacturing difficulties has at last compelled an increase in Tobralco prices to: White, 11½d. per yard; Colors and Black, 12½d. We have fixed on April 20th for this rise so that old friends of Tobralco can procure their summer's needs at the *old prices now*. Tobralco is as sound and serviceable as ever.

**PRICES UNTIL APRIL 19, 1916**

The British-made Cotton Wash Fabric, a yard of Black and 9½d. Self-White Colors 10½d. (27-28 inches wide)

Name on Schedule. At Droppers Everywhere.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. Ltd., Manufacturers of Tootal Pique, Tootal Tissue, Tootal Cloth, and Tootal Shirtings for Men and Women.

A 20



## CURTSEY WELCOME AT "THE LANE."



A feature of the presentation at Drury Lane of the film, "The Birth of a Nation," is the welcome extended to the audience by young women in mid-Victorian costume, who curtsy gracefully to each arrival.

## DESERTED NEST.



During the recent blizzard thousands of birds were compelled to desert their nests, which became full of snow. This is the nest of a song thrush near Tring.

## WOMEN IN THE NEWS.



Lady Glenconner, who is interested in to-day's concert in aid of the Star and Garter Hospital.—(Hugh Cecil.)



Miss Money, daughter of Brigadier-General Money, who is driving a motor lorry for a London stores.—(Vandyk.)

## TAKEN FROM THE HUNS.



Rifles, belonging to killed or captured Germans, picked up by the French in the valley of the Meuse.—(Official photograph.)

## WOUNDED BY AIR BOMB AT SALONIKA.



The soldier is seen being carried away on a stretcher. All four enemy machines were brought down during a recent raid and the pilots killed.



## Look your Best

If your skin is too dry or too moist, if it is losing tone or colour, do not hope that it will "come right of itself." Act now. Start to use Icilma Cream at once. This famous, fragrant and non-greasy toilet preparation restores the natural beauty of the skin because it acts in a natural way.

It is the *only* cream containing the wonderful Icilma water, which stimulates the skin and brings out *all* its beauty.

Use it daily and look your best—a shilling pot lasts several weeks.

## Icilma Cream

(Guaranteed not to grow Hair).

Prices as usual, 1/- & 1/9 everywhere.

Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.

**FREE** Send postcard to-day for FREE copy of new 6d. book containing 250 Toilet Hints and Beauty Treatments. Deals with everything you need to know about the toilet. Shows what to use—what to avoid—how to save money. Address Icilma Co., Ltd. (Dept. B), 37, 39, 41, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

## Think of your Complexion

before going out on a boisterous day, think of the after effects of the biting wind and raw atmosphere—the discomfort and disfigurement—unless precautions are taken beforehand.

BEETHAM'S  
la-rola

applied regularly to the face and hands is the most efficient safeguard against injury to the complexion from keen weather. It is neither greasy nor sticky and is easily absorbed by the skin. Keep a bottle in your bathroom. You will find it an inestimable boon.

In bottles 1½/- from all chemists and stores.  
**M. BEETHAM & SON,**  
CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

**PALE COMPLEXIONS** may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-.

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**BAKING POWDER**  
insist on having  
**BORWICK'S**  
The strongest, best &  
most economical  
in the world.

THE GREAT SUCCESS OF  
BURGESS' LION OINTMENT

is that it will not heal till it has thoroughly cleared away all morbid matter. There is no danger to life in curing a bad leg by Burgess' Lion Ointment, as it does not throw back humour into the system. It cures without painful operations, lancing or cutting, in all cases of Ulcers, Abscesses, Whitlows, Boils, Fatty or Cystic Tumours, Piles, Fistula, Polypus, Poisoned Wounds and all forms of Skin Disease. Its penetrative power makes it the best application for curing all chest and bronchial troubles. **SEND 2 PENNY STAMPS FOR SAMPLE.** Sold by Chemists, 9d., 1s. 3d., 8s., etc. Advice Gratis from **E. BURGESS, 59, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.** Established 1847.



# Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1916.

## "HOW LONG DO YOU THINK?"

IT is said that one of the first questions put to German prisoners in France—as, possibly, to French or English prisoners in Germany—and, no doubt, to Austrian prisoners in Sardinia—without forgetting Serbian prisoners in Bulgaria—is, always has been, and still will be to the end of the war: "How long do you think the war will last?"

All Europe's subconscious desire to be rid of it is revealed absurdly by choice of the man or woman to whom one puts that question. For what can be the use of asking a mere victim, an atom, a unit, a helpless soldier, lately one of many millions, "how long the war will last?"

Yet we know of people who ask others than soldiers. A soldier has indeed seen fire. He cannot possibly know anything whatever about the length of the war. But, if he be a man of cool head and common sense, he can at least utter generalities, not unsoundly based on the opinions of his comrades. He can guess. He can give us the feeling of his part of the fight; the mood, the expectation. We live at home, and they there in other countries ask much more unlikely people than the soldier. Typically, we know a man who asks everybody he sees, when, on certain days of East wind, he feels that East wind without war is enough for human consumption.

At breakfast, he looks to see "how long the war will last" from the papers, and asks his wife, who says "Don't ask me," and his children, who say "Don't know, dad."

After breakfast, he goes forth to his labours and asks the lady who takes his letters, and she smiles a little vacantly and says she "hopes it won't"—meaning perhaps it won't go on for ever.

Lunch time comes, and, over his fish, his remarks on the war call forth a discussion on its length, and he has a good time over the favourite speculation.

But now his mind is beginning to tire a little, and he is falling into the imbecility of asking all round.

The answers he gets vary from "next July," to "the autumn," "the winter," "next year," "August, 1917," "three years," "next month," "never."

The last is supposed to be a joke, and, depressed by it, as he is by most well or ill meant jokes, he turns in despair to the messenger boy who happens at that moment to bring up a parcel to the office. Vaguely our friend regards the brown paper and the string. He must save those. "And you, my boy (as his gaze falls on a jovial face), how long do you think . . . ?"

No answer.

Come! What does the boy think? "How long will the war last, boy?"

"Dunno, sir."

"Can't you give a guess?"

"Dunno, sir, carn say, sir. (Pause.) Might last a long time, sir."

Confound it!—the boy's a pessimist.

And, still unlightened, the good fellow goes home to ask the charwoman, asking one omnibus conductor and a taxicabby on the way.

Thus this "How long" question may become a mania. Watch it. Suppress it when you can.

W. M.

## NO EFFORT VAIN.

Even our failures are a prophecy. Even our yearnings and our bitter tears. After it is fair and true we cannot grasp; As patriots who seem to die in vain. Make liberty more sacred by their pang.

—Gordon Elliot.

## SOME PECULIARITIES OF "SAILORESE."

### QUAINT PHRASES USED BY OUR BRAVE SEAMEN.

By JOHN S. MARGERISON.

THE sailor, whilst being the most conservative of men, possesses a queer knack of turning the ordinary everyday names of persons and things into a nickname, which, whilst bearing in every way upon the object rechristened, at the same time amuses and bewilders the non-nautical hearer.

Take, for instance, the nicknames bestowed upon the commander, in his ordinary capacity, as buffer between the captain and the crew. He is the "bloke," while, if one is in the "rattle"—something which corresponds in shore life to figuring on the charge sheet at Vine-street Police Station—he is the "beak."

The first lieutenant is blessed with a variety of names—these being allotted according to the erudition of the sailor using them.

Thus, while to some of the lower deck he is simply "Jimmy" or "Number One," to others

fresh milk which is served out when ships are in harbour.

Butler becomes "Section Eight" or "running man"—both these being derived from the fact that the eighth section of firing in the seaman's musketry course is carried out at a target which represents a man in the act of running; salt is "Lot's wife," which is obvious; the pepper-duster is the "lighthouse"; while the sailor eats with a "dirk" and a "gibby"—these being respectively a knife and spoon, the usual fork having, for some reason or other, escaped the universal renaming.

"Ticklers" covers a variety of things—the two principal ones being jam and short service seamen.

### "A NUMBER OF THINGS."

This arises from the fact that when, some twelve years ago, a benignant Admiralty prescribed jam for Jack's delectation, the system of allowing seamen to serve five years afloat and seven with the Reserve—the ordinary term being twelve years—happened to begin at the same time as the first consignments of jam were distributed to ships. The seamen and the jam coming on board at the same time, the sailor

## "MOBILISE OUR WOMEN."

### DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES IN "RE-PLACING" OUR MEN.

#### WAGES AND WORK.

MRS. SLOAN CHESSER'S interesting article gives one an impression that all the women in England are in future to be trained for the labour market. Presumably they are to "replace" the men killed.

It is to be feared, however, that they will not only do this.

Unless great care is taken they will also help to lower wages after the war. There is no doubt that in most businesses at any rate women are taken on, even in war time, for much less money than is given to men or boys.

Must we not hope at least that not all our men will be killed? And if numbers return, these will expect if anything better wages than before the war, in view of the growing dearth of everything. Now women's labour tends always to lower, not to raise, wages.

The problem presents great difficulty, and the control of trade unions will have to be rigorously exercised to prevent undue exploitation of labour after the war.

L. S.  
Marlbrough-road,  
Richmond.

CANNOT we begin by teaching all our girls to cook and mind the house?

That surely will be better than making them doctors or lawyers.

Women might argue well enough, but have we not enough lawyers? As to their being "farm-hands"—it is absurd.

F. H. K.  
Courtfield-gardens, S.W.

#### FEWER FASHIONS!

I AM particularly struck by a fact that I noticed even in peace times—namely, the almost feverishly-rapid change of feminine fashions nowadays.

This is all very well for the rich women, but it is more than hard on her poorer sister. It is not always possible to alter clothes and bring them "up-to-date," and even when it is, it costs money.

Some people still possess tight-skirted gowns that have hardly been worn, and being made of material that cannot be matched, or in a style that cannot be altered, must be given away or simply wasted.

Could not women—a section of them, at all events—combine to resist the tyranny of Fashion, and make her servant rather than continue to be her slave?

EDITH NIXON.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

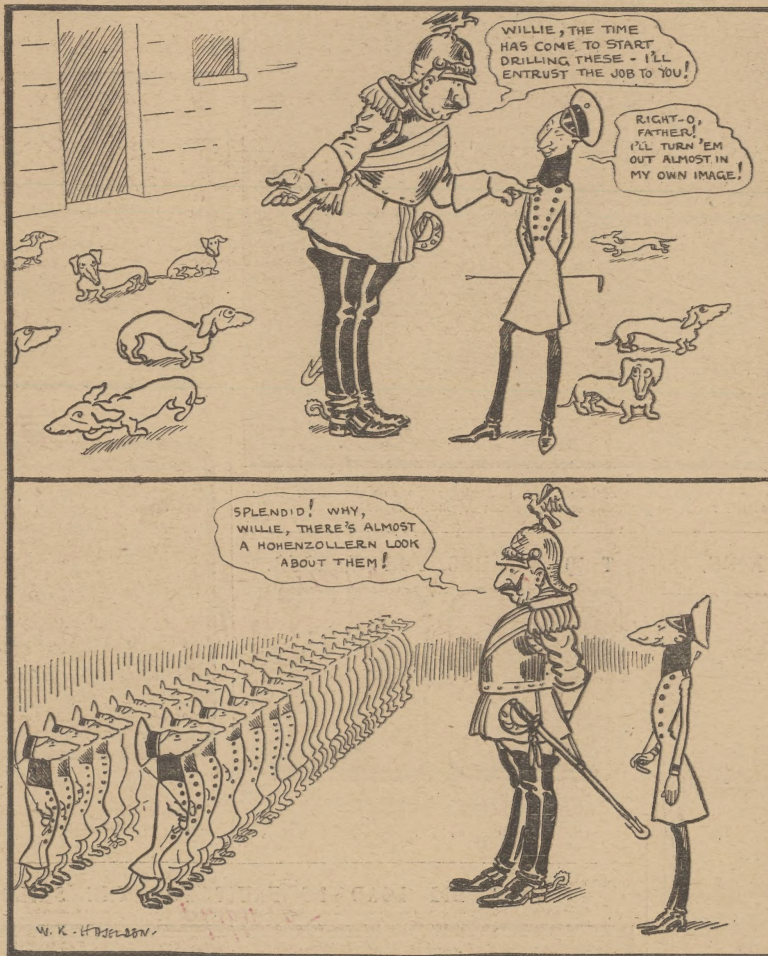
MARCH 30.—Many attractive climbers may now be planted out of pots. Loveliest, perhaps, of all is the clematis.

These are suitable for walls or fences. The mountain clematis (moutan) is smothered with white flowers in May and is very easy to grow. And the lovely purple, blue, mauve and crimson sorts are, of course, indispensable.

The elegant wistaria, hardy vines, viz. the Virginian creeper, the sweet-scented white jasmine and honeysuckle, may all be put in position at this season, giving them well-prepared soil.

R. F. T.

## LITTLE WILLIE'S NEW ARMY FOR NEXT YEAR.



When they've killed all the men in Germany they will set to work on the Deutsch Dogs, and no doubt be very proud of them.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

he is the "ship's disinfectant," or "the canteen manager's bete noir"—this last because, being responsible for the cleanliness of the deck where the ship's company live, move and have their being—when not on watch—he moves heaven and earth to reduce to their absolute minimum the variegated smells which emanate from the canteen. That the job is no sinecure is shown by the fact that the sailorese for cheese is "gramophone record"; that the humble bloater is a "penny song-book" or a "humming-bird"; while almost every other delicacy vended by the maritime grocery store has a distinctive name of its own.

Sardines are "sharks"—a watertight door and a bunker spanner being the tin and its necessary opener; the sausage we called German in pre-war days is "ordinary seaman's delight," a cooked concoction of bacon ends and fresh liver, sold whilst hot, becomes "liver and grapes"—a queer mixture enough, in all conscience; milk, condensed, sweetened, is "finned cow" while everyone knows that "cow-juice" is the

already serving—holding a vast contempt for the new men—cast about for a name and, seeing that of the manufacturer on the jam tins, immediately applied it to the new type of sailor, although these last are also known as "Selborne's Light Horse," while manufactured tobacco in tins—another recent innovation—has come also to be included under the generic head of "ticklers."

Every day at "one bell" the "cook of the rook, drum or domicile" grabs a "fanny" and, hastening to the grog tub, takes his "ranko." When he gets the "bubbly," "mutiny" or "jolly stuff," he returns to the "cottage" and serves out "tots" to his "clan," saving the "plushers" so that he can give his "raggies" a "wet" while one of them spins a "cuff" or a "bender."

This, to ordinary ears, is a farrago of nonsense; but, being interpreted, it demonstrates best of all the sailor's own peculiar language. It means that every day as the bell strikes once at half-past twelve the man who is detailed as mess

orderly for the day takes a small tin utensil to the place where the rum ration is issued, and there waits his turn to be served. When he receives the allowance of grog for his mess he returns thither and issues portions slightly less than those officially allowed, retaining what is left as his own perquisite. When he has a drink out of the surplus while they tell stories for the delectation of his own and his messmates' ears.

These are, of course, only a few examples of the sailorese which in ordinary use is our men-o-war; but they will serve to illustrate that the man in the Fleet is of quite a different race—as far as language goes—from the man in the street.

#### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A soul occupied with great ideas, best performs small duties; the divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest enterprises.—Martineau.



# FIRING AT A MOUNTAIN SUMMIT.

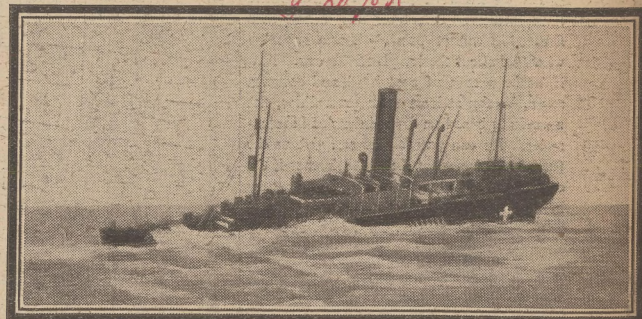


Often by man power alone the Italians have dragged heavy guns to dizzy positions on the crags. Here a battery threatens the Austrian positions on the summit beyond.—(Sphere.)

# STEAMER SUNK BY A MINE.



The vessel sinking by the bows after the explosion.



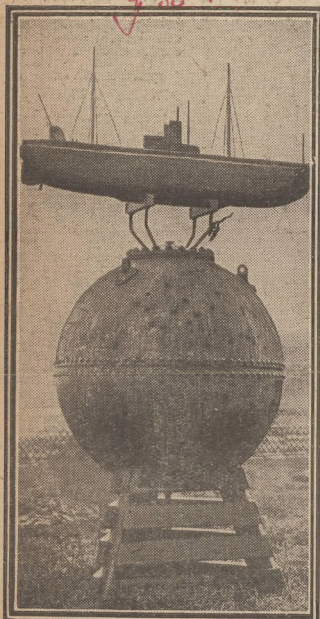
Another view of the steamer, which is sinking fast.



A moment before she finally disappeared from view.

Neutrals, thanks to Germany, have suffered severe losses in shipping during the war, and these photographs illustrate the loss of the Danish steamer Christiansund, which fouled a mine "somewhere in the North Sea."

## MOUNTED ON MINE.



Iron model of a U boat on the Island of Sylt, which the great air raid brought into prominence. It is mounted on a washed-up British mine. Together they represent the Huns' favourite weapons at sea.

## TWO AWARDS FOR VALOUR.



Major Sir Walter Balfour Bartlett, Bart., (Coldstream Guards), who has been awarded the Croix de Guerre.—(Lafayette.)



Flight-Commander J. E. Tennant (R.F.C.), nephew of the Under-Secretary for War, awarded the Military Cross.—(Lafayette.)

## A BIG LOAD OF FRUIT FOR THE SAILORS.



Loading up the weekly contribution of fruit and vegetables which is made to the Fleet by the inhabitants of Biggleswade and district. In this case it consists of 6 tons 9cwt. of oranges, together with a quantity of bananas and apples.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

## PICTURE GIFT.



The Duchess of Rutland, who has given two pictures to the Red Cross sale. One is of the late Cecil Rhodes, painted by herself from life.—(Swaine.)



# WHITEWASHED CLAUDE DUVAL: MR. BOURCHIER AS HIGHWAYMAN.

SP. 12732

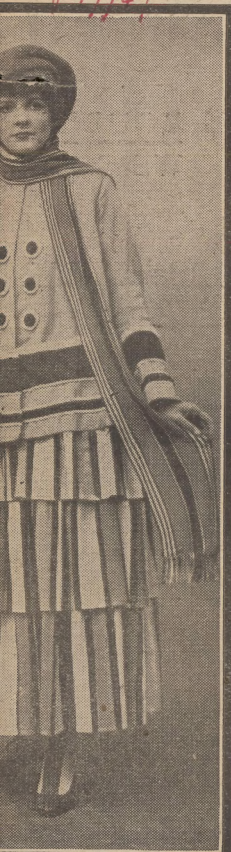


Claude holds up Berinthia (Miss Kyrle Bellew) on Newmarket Heath, demanding as the price of her freedom that she shall join with him in a country dance.

SP. 12732

## COLOURED RAIMENT.

SP. 17247



Moxon in the striking dress she wore in "The Crowd" at the Empire. (Photograph by G. L. Shum and Banfield.)



"I now propose to kill you," says Chevalier de Pontenoy (Mr. Murray Garrington) to Claude Duval (Mr. Arthur Bourchier).

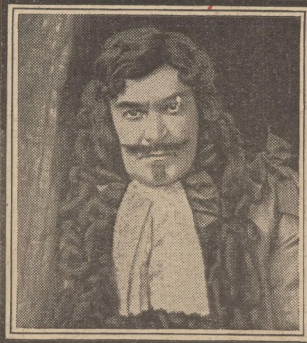
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"I love you," Claude Duval (Mr. Arthur Bourchier) tells Berinthia (Miss Kyrle Bellew).



Mr. Arthur Bourchier as Claude Duval.



Hogben likes Orange Moll and tells her so.

"We live in dull and drab times, but I believe that romance still counts for something in this workaday world," says Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, in speaking of "Stand and Deliver," his new play, which was produced at His Majesty's Theatre last night. The author has "whitewashed" Claude Duval and "raised him to the position of a fine fellow worthy of the love and admiration of the most fastidious heroine." Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw is Mr. Justice Hogben and Miss Miriam Lewes, Orange Moll. Among the other characters which the audience saw were some of the wits and beauties who helped to make the Court of Charles II. famous.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)





## 'Wincarnis' gives New Life to the Weak and Ailing

There is nothing so valuable as 'Wincarnis' for giving new life to the Invalid—nothing so prompt in producing new strength when you are Weak—nothing so dependable for creating new blood when you are Anæmic—nothing so satisfactory for reconstructing new nerve force when you are "Nervy"—and nothing so sure in surcharging the body with new vitality when you are "Run-down." And this is the reason:—'Wincarnis' (the wine of life) possesses a four-fold power. It is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all combined in one rich, delicious, life-giving beverage. That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend 'Wincarnis.'



If you are Weak, Anæmic, 'Nervy,' 'Run-down'—or a martyr to Indigestion—or enfeebled by Old Age—or an Invalid striving vainly to regain strength after an exhausting illness—'Wincarnis' offers you the quick, sure, and safe way to the new health you need. And, remember, the health that 'Wincarnis' creates is lasting—not a mere "flash-in-the-pan"—not a temporary "patching-up"—but real, delicious, vigorous health that makes you feel it is good to be alive.

**Don't remain Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy," "Run-down."**

Don't continue to suffer needlessly. Take advantage—to-day—of the new health and new life 'Wincarnis' offers you. All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis.' Will you try just one bottle?

**Begin to get well—FREE.**

Send the Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle—not a mere taste but enough to do you good.

Send this Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle.

### Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co. Ltd., W320, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.  
Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose FOUR penny stamps to pay postage.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

"Daily Mirror,"  
31/3/16.

## 'Camp' - the - never-be-without-it Coffee

Its superb flavour, its handiness, its economy, make 'Camp' a fast favourite in every house it enters.

You cannot get better coffee at any price. You can make it perfectly in a few seconds.

**Give 'Camp' a trial to-day. Ask your grocer for it, and see that you get 'CAMP.'**

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## MAYPOLE MARGARINE

**7<sup>D.</sup>** A LB.,

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**BRITISH-MADE** from **NUTS** and **MILK.**

## MAYPOLE TEA

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# ROSALIE

Our Grand Serial.  
By MARK ALLERTON

New Readers  
Begin Here.  
CHARACTERS  
IN THE STORY.

ROSALIE GRIEVE, a pretty, vivacious girl with ideas and a will of her own.

REV. HUGH GRIEVE, Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much himself a man.

ALAN WYNNE, an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperaments.

ROSALIE GRIEVE is riding home in an omnibus. There is one young man in particular who watches her with a kind of bland interest that is disconcerting.

His interest becomes so embarrassing that Rosalie leans forward and asks him, ominously, "Do I know you?"

The young man tells her that he knows she is Mrs. Grieve. And then Rosalie remembers—he is Alan Wynne, whom she had once met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris.

They talk over old times, and she arranges to dine with him and some artists in Soho.

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. The Rev. Hugh Grieve, who has made a great success of his church, feels a sudden antipathy. And then he remembers it is Alan Wynne who has been setting Northbury Park by the ears by his unconventionalities.

Wynne sees Rosalie home after the merry evening in Soho. Her husband is waiting for her. His face is very grave and serious. He tells her that one of his wardens has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne.

Rosalie makes a light reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more biting. He gets angrier—angrier at himself, angrier at Rosalie. Finally, he tells her that she must not see Wynne again.

But one day Rosalie says that she is invited to a fancy dress ball to which Wynne is going. Her husband asks her not to go. But later Rosalie finds on his desk a letter to someone called "Lucy," and enclosing a cheque for £100, "Lucy" is really a young waster named Lucien, who has been bothering Hugh Grieve for money.

She is very angry, and when a ticket for the ball comes from Wynne she decides to accept. But she does not actually go, though her husband, unknown to her, goes secretly. Rosalie finds this out, and goes to Wynne's studio to have her portrait painted. Hugh Grieve discovers the visits and denounces her.

Hugh Grieve gets into further trouble with Lucien.

Rosalie's friends the Bettisons are going to Paris, and Rosalie has a wild longing to go with them. She goes to Wynne's studio again, and he asks if he may take her over to Paris. Rosalie says "Yes."

## THE BLACK FUTURE.

IT was the Rev. Hugh Grieve's endeavour to keep his Saturday evening calm and untroubled in preparation for his work of the morrow. On this particular Saturday evening a letter had arrived which made it impossible for him to concentrate his mind on the work immediately before him.

Dinner at the vicarage was earlier on the Saturday evening, and after dinner the letter had arrived. Hugh Grieve read it in his study. And now he sat sucking at an empty pipe before the fire and wondering what was going to happen. He drew the letter from his pocket and read it again—

My Dear Grieve,—My brother and I have gone into the matter of your liabilities. I am lunching with him on Monday at one o'clock, and I wish you could join us, as there are one or two points on which we are not yet quite clear. Please make every endeavour to keep this appointment, because Tom takes rather a grave view of the situation. I am afraid you may be held responsible for a very large amount—a bigger demand than, I fancy, you can possibly meet. What we shall have to resolve upon is the best way of anticipating this demand or of meeting it when made.

"I am sorry to write in so pessimistic a strain, and I most sincerely hope that a way out of the (Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

difficulty may be found. Anyhow, I shall expect you to meet us here at one o'clock on Monday.—Yours very sincerely, William Bannerman.

P.S.—Tom rode his horse to victory the other day. A great race he tells me."

Hugh Grieve replaced the letter in his pocket and resumed his occupation of glaring moodily at the fire.

Bannerman was a good friend and a good fellow. He had put himself to no end of trouble over this case. His brother's advice was invaluable. And these two had come to the conclusion that he could not get rid of the legal responsibilities incurred by the maddest act in the world. If they were right—and it was impossible to doubt that they were right—there were in front of him bankruptcy, ruin, disgrace. The vicarage was very quiet. He had left Rosalie in the drawing-room. She had assured him that she was interested in a novel and wanted to finish it. She had been tenderer than usual to him that day. He hoped that he in his turn had been kinder to her. Perhaps his endeavours were already bearing fruit. Perhaps Rosalie was coming back to him. He was ready to blame himself for their differences in the past.

He knew now how, worried by distraction, his temper had been tickle; he had been ready to take offence. He had tried to make amends, and to-day there was a difference. He had seen her watching him, with big, earnest, searching eyes. He told himself that she was longing for that complete reconciliation that Heaven must soon grant.

But what would be the effect of his crushing blow? If he were to be harsher he could no longer remain at Northbury Park. Northbury Park was not likely to be indulgent with a vicar who got entangled in a fraudulent business, particularly when he thereby lost money. He would have to go away. He might be penniless.

The beautiful objects which he and Rosalie cherished in their home would be taken from them. He would have to begin again. There would be hardships. There would be the scorn of eyes. He told himself that she was no pity for the man who makes foolish mistakes.

Would Rosalie submit to the change of fortune? It was a contingency of which she did not dream, which she had never reckoned on. Had they been in the closest sympathy, had their first months of full mutual understanding lasted, he could have gone to her and told her all, confident of her loyalty and help. But now, with this rift not yet closed, with their misunderstandings not yet forgotten, he could not claim that loyalty. He did not deserve it, and would not ask for it.

He remembered the work to be done. He put away his pipe, and searched for the latest of his sermon. On the Monday he would meet the Bannermans. Time enough to tell Rosalie what the future held when the Bannermans had dispelled his last hope.

## TO-MORROW!

ON Sunday morning Rosalie did not go to church, pleading a headache. She had preparations to make, preparations the mere contemplation of which made her afraid.

For days she had fortified her failing courage by telling herself that this trip to Paris would be of short duration. She would leave a note for Hugh, giving him her address. He would write or wire to her, begging her to return. She would comply, and come home to forgive and be forgiven. Or, perhaps, Hugh might hurry after her, post haste. In Paris there would be a delicious reunion. Perhaps Hugh might even stay a while with her in Paris. She longed to know him the Paris she knew.

But now these hopes failed her. Supposing Hugh did none of these things? Supposing he let her go without a word? Supposing that awful thought that he might welcome his release were justified? Supposing he gave way again to his suspicions and drove her from him, in voking the aid of the law? These thoughts accumulated and drove her nearly distracted. Estranged from Hugh, there was no happiness in her life. But might there not be even less in the life that was in front of her?

A dozen times her resolution failed her, and was brought to sticking point again only by the thought of the promise she had given. Alan

Wynne's arrangements would all be made. He would blame her courage if she gave way. And if she gave way now, it would be a surrender for ever.

On the Sunday morning she collected a few of her things together and found a convenient valise. These she placed in readiness, dropping hot tears upon them. She was oppressed by the conviction of wrong-doing. If only she knew what Hugh would do!

Then she wrote to Hugh, and locked the letter up, to be left on the morrow where he would find it.

"My dear Hugh," she wrote, "we are making each other miserable just now. I am sure it is all my fault, and so I am going away for a time. I am going to the Bettisons at Paris. Please believe me when I tell you I am trying to do what is right. I am so sorry to have made you miserable—Your loving wife, Rosalie."

She added a postscript, giving her address in Paris. The letter offended her. It did not tell half what she wanted to tell. She did not dare attempt to put her heart on paper. The letter must stand, she decided, as she had written it.

Hugh returned to mid-day dinner. He inquired after her headache, and was satisfied with her answer that it was better. He seemed preoccupied and ill at ease, and his efforts to maintain conversation were obviously forced. He took the first opportunity of escaping to his study.

Rosalie's duties of the morning had been such that she was glad to be left alone. She found it almost impossible to raise her eyes honestly to him. She was going away, and he did not know it. He would not know it till she was gone. Rosalie's conscience told her that she was playing the mean part of a coward. So that which each held in his and her heart put them farther apart than ever that Sunday afternoon.

In the evening Rosalie attended service at St. Luke's. The church was filled, and from her pew Rosalie could see the handsomely clothed church folk of Northbury Park. A feeling of embitterment against them seized her. They it was who had parted her from her husband. They constituted the environment against which she rebelled. It was their opinion that influenced Hugh to oppose her wishes. It was Northbury Park that had driven the joy out of her life.

Of course, she was unjust. She was in no mood to deal leniently with the frailties and foibles of human nature, not even with her own. She was unjust when she told herself that the people who knelt around her obeyed the conventions of morality and polite society because they had neither the impulse nor the oppor-

tunity to do otherwise. Or because it paid them to do so.

It was unfortunate that her one glance round the congregation brought before her eyes the solemn countenance of Mr. Moss, who told tales—of a linen-draper who was notorious for his harsh treatment of his staff, of one or two tradespeople whose weekly books erred invariably on the side most favourable to themselves. This was the Northbury Park that had forced itself into her life—a smug, sleek, smooth-faced Northbury Park with a vast profession of righteousness.

In her mood she attributed the taint of this section to the whole. And these were the people whose good opinion Hugh thought of value, whose canons of conduct must not be departed from! Her rebellious heart was deaf to the service. She was glad now she was going away! Some anger against even Hugh crept back to her. When Hugh went into the pulpit she looked at him with different eyes. His very appearance seemed changed. She missed the glow of fervour in his eyes, the ringing note of sincerity in his voice. His sermon was unusually short, his manner of preaching suggested that he was in haste to get it over.

Rosalie wondered if Hugh had indeed changed, or if it were she who saw him now with eyes from which the scales had fallen.

The deep diapason of the organ sounded again, the voices of the choir boys began the hymn, in polite chorus Northbury Park joined in:

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,

The darkness deepens..."

A mist of tears rose before Rosalie's eyes, shutting out the congregation, the white-robed choir, Hugh. . . . Her lips moved tremulously.

Outside, bareheaded, and with cheeks ashen grey, stood Alan Wynne listening, and waiting. He had watched Rosalie go into church. He wanted just one word with her when she came out. Just one word to tell her that he had made a mistake, that no good but only ill would come of her going away; that some other solution must be found.

Then the doors of the church opened. The organ music flooded out, and the congregation, singly at first and then in a great multitude, came towards him. And before Northbury Park he fled. He had been a fool, he told himself, to seek this opportunity of meeting Rosalie.

Rosalie, hastening to escape the greetings of those she knew, was overtaken by a lady.

"Oh Mrs. Grieve, we are so anxious about your dear husband. Is he quite well? He doesn't seem at all himself to-day. Are you sure? Oh, I am so glad. Then do come to tea with me to-morrow afternoon. I will take no refusal. You really must. Some people are coming who are simply dying to meet you."

"To-morrow?" repeated Rosalie, dully. "I'm afraid I can't to-morrow."

"To-morrow—"

There will be another fine instalment too morrow.

# SAVE MONEY

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## Pure Indian Tea



A British transport in France which was held up by the blizzard.





Lord Rathmore.

**Sick of the War.**

Lord Rathmore, who stated that the Turkish people were getting thoroughly sick of the war upon which the majority never desired to enter, sat in the House of Commons as member for Dublin University for twenty-five years. That was the period of Gladstonian Home Rule, and Irish experiences of those days made him a competent judge of politics and peoples.

**No Heir.**

He is the third son of the third Lord Plunket, and was created Lord Rathmore in 1896. But, like several other peers, he is without an heir. He was First Commissioner of Works throughout Lord Salisbury's long Ministry, 1885-92.

**Lords-in-Waiting.**

Although the office of Lord-in-Waiting is technically an appointment in the Royal Household and remunerated with a salary of £702, the holder (there are seven Lords-in-Waiting) often has to speak on behalf of the Government in the House of Lords. The other afternoon it fell to the lot of Lord Hylton, a Lord-in-Waiting, to defend the Land Valuation Department.

**Naval Brother-in-Law.**

Lord Hylton is still in the fifties. His brother-in-law is the naval Earl of Bristol, who, as a lieutenant, so surprised the Admiralty with his knowledge of gunnery that they awarded him a special prize of £80. Before succeeding to the title in 1899 Lord Hylton was in the Diplomatic Service and an M.P.

**Queen Mary and Our Actresses.**

Queen Mary has paid a visit during the week to the Rehearsal Club, Leicester-square. Her Majesty chatted for a long time with the girls and asked about their work. This little club has now received a signed photograph, some beautiful paintings and books from the Queen.

**Royal "Derby" Horses.**

Everybody was pleased to find the names of two of the King's colts—Spey Pearl and Sir Dighton—among the entries for the New Derby yesterday. May they have better luck than did Friar Marcus last year!

**Lord Chelmsford and St. George's Day.**

It is very unlikely that Lord Chelmsford, the Chancellor of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, will be able to fulfil his duties at the service to be held in the Chapel of the Order on May 4. He will by that time be on his way to India as the new Viceroy.

**Invitations Out.**

The arrangements for these services, however, are in the hands of the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Mr. Steel-Maitland will by now have sent his invitations far and wide. The King himself will probably be there if State duties will enable his Majesty to be free.

**A "Thistle" Vacancy.**

There has been some heartburning lately among Scotsmen over a vacancy in the Order of the Thistle, and the choice will probably fall on one of two notable men. In Beaconsfield's days one rather stolid Scots aspirant asked a friend to plead with the Prime Minister for him. The friend did, and Beaconsfield's reply was: "Oh, very well, he shall have it; but the probability is he will only eat it."

**Brief, and to the Point.**

Khaki is ubiquitous these days. I found it yesterday—where do you think?—at the Royal Society's rooms! I went in to see if Sir Edwin Pears would say anything important. He was in the chair for Mr. R. W. Seton-Watson's paper on Pan-German Aspirations in the Near East. Sir Edwin made an admirable chairman, for he introduced the speaker in the briefest manner.

**Detestation Parties.**

A friend was telling me she was at one of the newest things—a "detestation" party—the other night. All the guests wear something to indicate what they most dislike. She wore imitation mice in her hair. Another adorned her dress with whisky labels, while a third sported the initial letters of her pet abhorrence, the N.C.C.

**Royal Fingers.**

I hear from friends in Canada that the work done by the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia for the Canadian Red Cross has been stupendous. Both royal ladies have made with their own hands since the war started a great number of useful garments for the wounded Canadian boys at the front.

**Rival Hostesses.**

There is already a great deal of rivalry among hostesses as to who is to be the first to entertain Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia. He arrives in London to-day, and the few Serbians left here will be waiting to cheer their gallant soldier prince. I understand that the Foreign Office is giving a dinner in his honour.

**Why Not a Bodyguard?**

At the present time there are about 100 Serbian soldiers in London—some of them were in the House of Commons the other day. I think it would be an excellent thing if Londoners were given an opportunity of seeing our gallant Allies. Perhaps it could be arranged that they should form a sort of bodyguard, although I know that Prince Alexander dislikes fuss of any kind.

**A Trip to India.**

This is a new portrait of Miss Doris Stocker, a charming young artist who made a pronounced success in *To-night's Night*.



Miss Doris Stocker.

at the Gaiety. I hear that she is now going to India on a health trip, and expects to be away for some months. Afterwards she will return to the London stage.

**In "Dizzio's" Clothes.**

I called at Mr. Dennis Eadie's house the other day and found him in remarkable garb—velveteen coat of an antique cut, stock, flowered waistcoat, etc. He is, you see, getting used to the clothes he will have to wear as Disraeli.

**The Harp of Life.**

News from the other side of the Atlantic is that Miss Laurette Taylor will shortly appear in a new play by her husband, Mr. J. Hartley Manners, called *The Harp of Life*. I suppose we shall see it in due season when Peg comes back to London.

**Braved the Blizzard.**

Miss Yvonne Arnaud, who is now playing in "Jerry," motors every morning for three hours in Richmond Park. She drives herself, and is accompanied by her three dogs. Fresh air keeps her fit, she said, and added that the day after the blizzard she had Richmond Park to herself, for she saw no one else.

**Late in the Morning.**

I wonder how many times the excuse, "Blizzard upset the train service," was given this week for arriving late at the office. Certainly it is a variant to "Fog" and "All seasons this morning and I had left my ticket at home."

**Spring Flower Tonic.**

Miss Doris Keane is going to allow herself a holiday during Holy Week, so London will have to do without "Romance" for that period. She wants to get in some gardening at Warrington, where she has a country house. The sight of spring flowers is an excellent tonic, she says.

**Peacock Farms.**

It doesn't sound much like a war time industry, but I'm told that several ladies in the country are taking up peacock breeding. It is said to be a very profitable, but much neglected, pursuit.

**Dogs' Outfitters.**

Isn't it wonderful how the pet dog craze is growing? Here's a sign of it. Two new dogs' outfitters are opening in the West End.

**Inspiring Bahamas.**

Mr. Richard le Gallienne is at Nassau, Bahamas, for a while, and is engaged upon a new book. His Bahaman love poem has won him many new admirers. The Bahamas seem inspiring, for Bliss Carman, the American poet, has written some of his best stuff while there.

**For the Name's Sake.**

Mrs. Parker, who is Lord Kitchener's sister, tells me she has to hold all the babies who have been christened "Kitchener" when she visits clubs for soldiers' wives.

**Disatisfied.**

I understand that there is some feeling of dissatisfaction on the part of a good many M.P.s at the proposed provision for married men. It is regarded as not being definite enough, and in all probability the question will be raised early next week.

**Too Much of a Gamble.**

The rumour that men with incomes of more than £5,000 will be heavily taxed next week has apparently reached Lloyd's. At any rate, insurance brokers are very unwilling to tackle any income tax Budget "risks," except on practically prohibitive terms.

**A Great Nation.**

"Are there any Americans on board?" a passenger asked the captain of the boat. "Americans!" replied the captain, "crowds of them; Americans of all nationalities."

**"Lucky Fox's" Bride.**

So much interest seems to have centred in the bridegroom, dubbed "Lucky Fox" at his wedding, that few realised that the bride, Miss Somerville, was the clever figure skater and waltzer so frequently seen in pre-war days on the ice at Prince's Skating Club.

**Their Helmets.**

I am told that the French soldiers call their steel helmets "Adrianes." Why? Because an officer whose Christian name is Adrian invented them.

**"Mr. Manhattan"**

Miss Iris Hoey told me yesterday that she was looking forward with much interest to the meeting between Mr. Raymond Hitchcock, the much-discussed American comedian, and a London audience. Miss Hoey is the leading lady in "Mr. Manhattan." She says that rehearsing with Mr. Raymond Hitchcock is one of the most curious theatrical experiences she has encountered.

Miss Iris Hoey.

**A Heated Story.**

The victim in the barber's chair wondered if he had been suddenly set on fire or struck by lightning. A most terrific heat burned his face. With a frantic hand he clutched away a steaming towel. "What on earth did you drop that towel on my face for?" he asked angrily. "Because it was too hot to hold," said the barber frankly.

**Sculptors' Dilemma.**

Much badinage has passed between famous painters and equally famous sculptors of the R.A. during the past day or two. The men of marble and bronze, owing to transport difficulties, are very hard put to it to get their work to the Academy, and on their sending in day many ingenious devices were resorted to. You see, you can put a fairly big painting on a taxicab, but when the exhibit is a block of marble weighing a ton it's a different matter!

**Challenges.**

The success of Harry Reeve over Sergeant Dick Smith was bound to bring him other boxing challenges. The first comes from Sergeant Curzon, whose officers want to match him against Reeve.

**West Indian Comforts.**

I met Lady Hayes-Sadler yesterday, and learnt that she is holding working parties at her house for making "comforts" for the men from the West Indies. THE RAMBLER.

## THIS WEEK IS CELEBRITY WEEK

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# The Airship of the Future: By Jas. Douglas, in "Sunday Pictorial"

LOOK Out for Great Article  
by Mr. Bottomley in the  
"Sunday Pictorial." : : : :

## The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

A WOMAN'S War Budget.  
By Miss Berta Ruck, in  
the "Sunday Pictorial." : : :

### THE ALLIED CONFERENCE: ADMIRING CROWD FOLLOWS JOFFRE IN PARIS.



General Joffre and General Roques. This was the first time that General Joffre had passed on foot through the streets of Paris since the war began.

#### TESTING HIS NEW LEGS.



A "Tommy" who has been fitted with artificial legs studies his walking progress by means of a looking-glass. He is evidently satisfied with his progress.



General Gilinski, General Sir William Robertson and General Cadorna.

The Allied Council has now concluded its deliberations. Here are some of the famous soldiers who attended the Conference.

#### MILITARY TUG-OF-WAR AT ALDERSHOT.



No. 136 Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C., the winners of Section B of the Aldershot Command Athletic Association tug-of-war.

#### TWO STEWARDS DROWNED.



Albert Wordley (wearing bowler hat) and George Barwick, two stewards, who were drowned when the big liner Minneapolis was torpedoed.

#### GREAT DEPTH OF SNOW.



Clearing the snow from the grounds of Mr. Arthur James, High Sheriff for Warwickshire, near Rugby.